*Gob.* His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

*Laun.* To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

*Gob.* I have heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suite is.

*Laun.* In very briefe, the suit is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

*Bas.* One speake for both, what would you?

*Laun.* Serve you sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter sir.

*Bas.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
*Shylocke* thy Master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment
To leave a rich Iewes service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

*Clowne.* The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

*Bas.* Thou speakst it well; goe Father with thy Sonne,
Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodging out: give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

*Clowne.* Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tong in my head: Well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; go too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

*Bas.* I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night

My



My best esteemd acquaintance,
*Leon.* My best endeavours
*Enter*
*Gra.* Where's your Master
*Grati.* Signior *Bassanio.*
*Gra.* I have a suit to you.
*Gra.* You must not deny m
*Bas.* VVhy then you must,
Thou art to wild, to rude, and
Parts that become thee happily
And in such eyes as ours appear
But where thou art not known
Something too liberall; pray th
To allay with some cold drops
Thy skipping spirit, least throu
I be misconstred in the place I
And lose my hope. *Gra.* Si
If I doe not put on a sober habi
Talke with respect, and sweare
VVeare prayer bookes in my p
Nay more, while grace is saying
Thus with my hat, and sigh an
Vse all the observance of civili
Like one well studied in a sad
To please his Grandam, never
*Bas.* VVell, we shall see yo
*Gra.* Nay, but I barre to nig
By what we doe to night.
I would intreat you rather to
Your boldest suite of mirth, fo
That purpose merriment: but
I have some busines.
*Gra.* And I must to *Lorenso*
But we will visit you at supper
*Enter Iessica*
*Ies.* I am sorry thou wilt l
Our house is hell, and thou a